

**BATMAN**  
**No. 22**

APRIL...MAY  
TEN CENTS



# BATMAN

EXTRA ADDED  
ATTRACTION:

"THE ADVENTURES  
OF ALFRED"



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THE  
PUBLISHERS  
OF  
**SUPERMAN,  
BATMAN  
AND  
WONDER  
WOMAN**  
KNOW HOW  
TO PRODUCE  
THE SORT  
OF COMICS  
YOU LIKE!  
-- SO THE  
TRADE-  
MARK  
IS YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE  
BEST!



LOOK FOR  
THIS  
TRADE-MARK  
WHENEVER  
YOU BUY  
COMICS!

LOOK FOR THE  
D-C TRADE-MARK!

# BATMAN

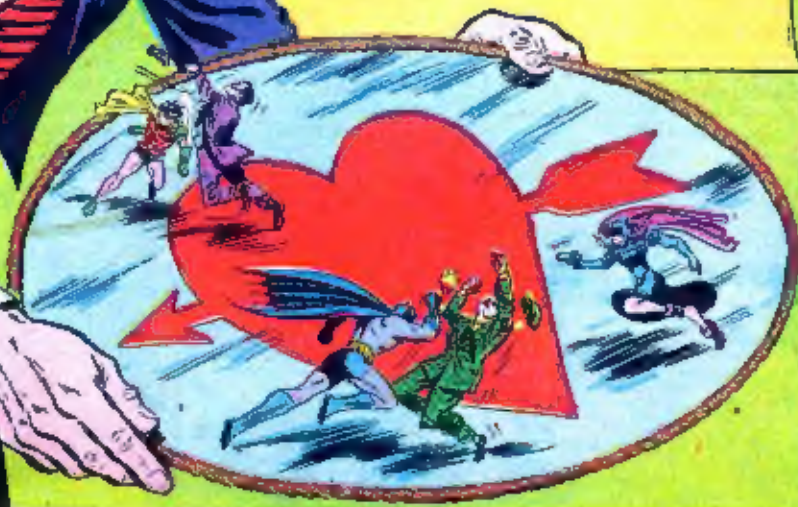
WITH  
**ROBIN**

-THE BOY WONDER-



**B**EAUTY MAKES MEN DO STRANGE THINGS, FOR IT IS A HEADY WINE THAT CONQUERS REASON AND OBSCURES THE SIGHT! BUT WHEN A FAIR DAMOSEL TAKES HEARTS BY STORM AND BARTERS THEM IN A CROOKED GAME OF GAIN, THEN BEWARE THE RIGHT-EOUS WRATH OF THE ROMANTIC ROMEO! THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FIND A CRIME NEST CONCEALED BEHIND A HEART-FEST WHEN CUPID'S DARTS HURL HAVOC INTO THEIR HAPPY HOUSEHOLD IN THE TALE OF...

**"THE DUPED DOMESTICS!"**





WHEN BRUCE WAYNE'S MORNING BEGINS WITH A VAIN SEARCH FOR A MISSING SLIPPER THAT SHOULD BE NEXT TO HIS BED...



... AND HIS CLEAN SHIRTS ARE NOT IN THEIR PROPER PLACE...



-- AND HE EATS A HALF COOKED BREAKFAST WHICH ENDS WITH THE COFFEE BEING SPILLED ON HIS LAP!



... THEN EVEN THE EASY-GOING PLAYBOY CAN LOSE PATIENCE WITH HIS BUTLER, ALFRED-- USUALLY A JEWEL OF EFFICIENCY!

WHAT'S COME OVER YOU, ALFRED? THE WHOLE HOUSE IS UPSET. THERE ISN'T A THING IN ITS PROPER PLACE. YOU ACT AS IF YOU'RE IN A TRANCE. MAYBE THAT STRENUOUS REDUCING COURSE YOU WENT THROUGH MADE YOU ILL!



ILL? YES, SIR... IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, SIR...

-- BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, NO! I'M IN A STATE, SIR, IF I MAY SAY SO! I WOULD RATHER NOT SAY MORE...



DAYS PASS, AND ALFRED REMAINS-- IN A "STATE"...

ALFRED SERVED DINNER TONIGHT LIKE A MAN WALKING IN HIS SLEEP!

MAYBE HE'S GOT HIS MIND ON ALL THESE STRANGE UNSOLVED ROBBERIES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD LATELY. YOU KNOW HOW KEEN HE IS TO BE A DETECTIVE!



WELL, I WISH HE'D STICK TO HIS BUTTLING AND LEAVE THE DETECTIVE WORK TO US. WHICH REMINDS ME-- BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH COMMISSIONER GORDON THIS EVENING!



YES, AND WE'D BETTER GET GOING OR WE'LL BE LATE!

OUTER GARMENTS REMOVED, BRUCE WAYNE, AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON, BECOME THOSE CAPED COMRADES OF MYSTERY-- THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

THE POLICE HAVE BEEN TEARING THEIR HAIR OUT OVER THESE ROBBERIES! THE CROOKS SEEM TO KNOW EXACTLY WHEN THE HOUSES ARE EMPTY, EXACTLY HOW THE BURGLAR ALARM SYSTEMS ARE SET--



**PRESENTLY...**

WE'VE BEEN DOING EVERY-THING POSSIBLE FOR THE PAST WEEK, COMMISSIONER, BUT SO FAR THERE'S NOT BEEN A TRACE OF A CLUE!

MY WHOLE DEPARTMENT IS UP IN THE AIR! **BATMAN**-- YOU'VE GOT TO SUCCEED IN THIS!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST!

COMMISSIONER GORDON IS IN A TOUGH SPOT! THE WHOLE CITY IS ON HIS NECK!

IF ONLY WE HAD SOME KIND OF CLUE...

IT'S PLAIN THAT I'VE GOT TO DO SOME HEAVY THINKING ABOUT THESE ROBBERIES! BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO GET SOME-THING TO EAT.

FRANKLY, I'M NOT SO ANXIOUS TO SAMPLE ALFRED'S HALF-BAKED COOKING AGAIN!

**SUDDENLY, AS THE CAREENING BATMOBILE ROUNDS A CORNER ...**

EITHER YOU COME ACROSS WIT' DAT FITCHER OR WE WRING IT OUTA YOU!

NO-- RELEASE ME, I SAY! OUCH! LET GO!

ROBIN, LOOK! THOSE THUGS ARE ATTACKING THAT BUTLER!

THERE SOTENLY IS A BIG TOINOVER IN BUTLERS DESE DAYS!

BRUTES! SCOUNDRELS!

AH-- HERE IT IS!

IT'S BOTTOM, THE VAN HOUTEN'S MAN!

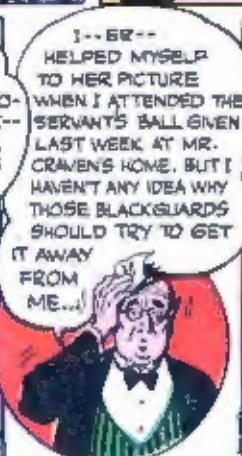
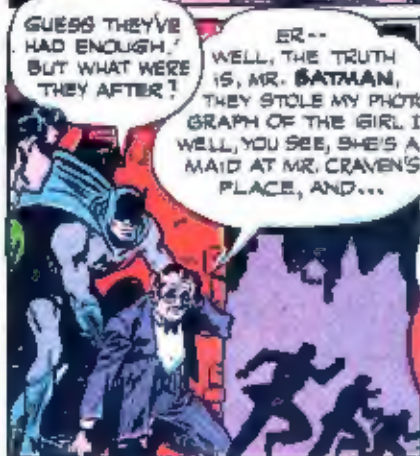
**SWIFTLY TWO CAPED FIGURES STREAK TO THE RESCUE OF THE EMBATTLED BUTLER!**

NO GENTLEMAN WOULD ATTACK A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN!

ULP-- DOUBLE TROUBLE! THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

NEVER BATTER A BUTLER WHEN I'M AROUND!





I STILL THINK IT MIGHT BE SAFER TO EAT IN A RESTAURANT. THESE BURGLARIES ARE ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT HAVING INDIGESTION ON TOP OF IT.

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO LAY DOWN THE LAW TO ALFRED. AFTER ALL, THERE CAN'T BE ANY REAL REASON FOR HIS QUEER BEHAVIOR.

NO REASON? ALFRED'S ANTICS DURING HIS MASTERS' ABSENCE SEEM TO INDICATE OTHERWISE.

HMM... A BIT ON THE DISHIFIED SIDE, BUT STILL A SIGHT TO CAPTIVATE THE HEART OF A PAIR MAID. NOW TO GO FORTH AND CONQUER!

AT LAST--A CLUE TO ALFRED'S QUEER CONDUCT! YET WHO WOULD HAVE DREAMED THAT A ROMANTIC HEART BEAT BENEATH THAT STARCHED SHIRT FRONT?

... AND THIS TIME, I INTEND TO BE FIRM. AFTER ALL, AM I NOT THE SOLE CONFIDANTE OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, AND THEREFORE A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE?

ALFRED'S DESTINATION--A SECLUDED BENCH IN GOTHAM PARK...

BELINDA, YOUR FAIR PRESENCE ADDS BEAUTY TO THE SPRINGTIME.

WHICH IS NO REASON TO KEEP ME WAITING HALF AN HOUR!

BELINDA--A FAMILIAR NAME! BUT ALFRED SEEMS WELL AWARE THAT HIS HEART'S DESIRE HAS CAPTURED THE AFFECTION OF OTHERS.

WHAT IS HALF AN HOUR WHEN LOVE IS ETERNAL? BESIDES, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN GOING OUT WITH ALL THE OTHER SERVANTS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. REALLY, I RESENT SUCH PICKLENESS IN ONE SO FAIR!

AND SINCE WHEN ARE YOU SO MUCH BETTER THAN THE OTHERS? WHY SHOULD I GO OUT JUST WITH YOU?

WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW--I'M NOT JUST AN ORDINARY BUTLER! AH, HOW ASTONISHED YOU WOULD BE WERE I AT LIBERTY TO REVEAL MY IMPORTANT CONNECTIONS!

SO--YOU FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE, DO YOU? WELL, SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU THAT I WAS A CLOSE FRIEND OF THE BATMAN?

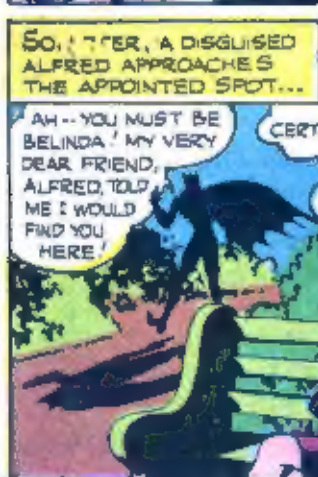
THE BATMAN! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! HMM... IF THE BATMAN IS REALLY YOUR FRIEND, WHY CAN'T I MEET HIM?





WILL ALFRED KEEP HIS PROMISE? ALAS, WHO KNOWS TO WHAT AN OUTRAGED HEART MAY STOOP? LATER...

I KNOW I SHOULDN'T DO THIS, BUT SURELY MR. WAYNE WILL BE INDULGENT... LUCKY I KNOW WHERE HE KEEPS HIS SPARE BATMAN COSTUME!

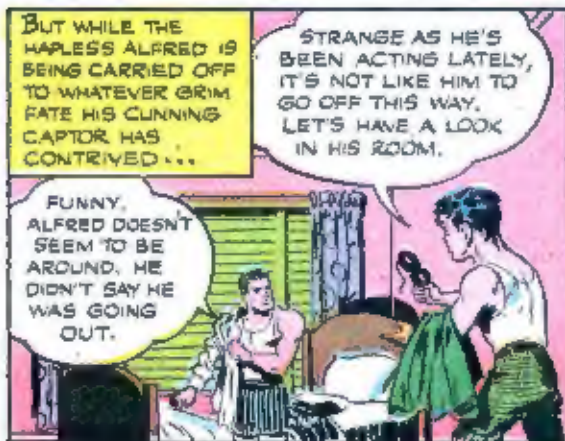
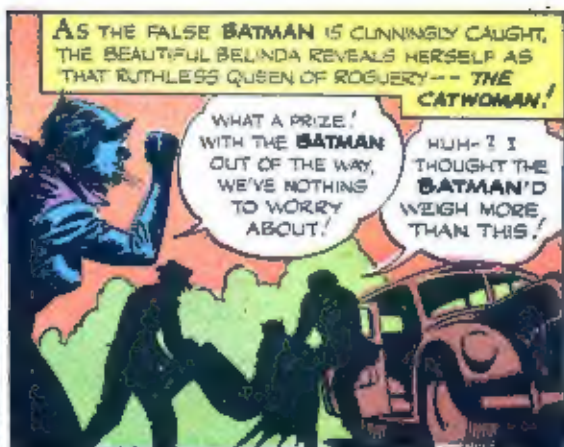


IT'S REALLY HE! LUCKY I WORE THIS SUIT, BUT HE CERTAINLY LOST WEIGHT SINCE...

OH, BATMAN!







THE CATWOMAN!  
OF COURSE! BUT  
WHAT MAKES YOU  
THINK IT'S REALLY  
SHE?

THOSE ROBBERIES,  
BEYOND'S WIDE  
ACQUAINTANCE WITH  
THE LOCAL BUTLERS,  
THE FACT THAT NO  
ORDINARY MAID WOULD  
BE SO ANKIDUS TO GET A  
PHOTOGRAPH OUT OF CIRCULATION--  
BESIDES, A MAN IN LOVE  
NOTICES MANY THINGS ABOUT A  
WOMAN, AND IF THAT POEM  
DOESN'T DESCRIBE THE  
CATWOMAN PERFECTLY--  
DICK, WE'VE GOT WORK  
TO DO OVER  
AT THE CRAVEN PLACE!

BUT IF THE CATWOMAN  
IS POSING AS A MAID  
THERE, HADN'T WE BETTER  
GO AS BATMAN AND  
ROBIN?

NO, WE'RE STILL  
NOT SURE. THIS  
TIME, WE'RE GONS  
TO PAY A NEIGHBORLY  
VISIT TO MR.  
CRAVEN SO WE  
CAN DO SOME  
QUIET SNOOPING  
AROUND.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE  
CRAVEN HOMESTEAD...

--AND I  
FELT THAT  
SINCE WE'RE  
NEIGHBORS  
WE OWED  
YOU A  
VISIT.

COME RIGHT  
IN, SIRS!  
DELIGHTED!

SUDDENLY--A GRIM  
SURPRISE AS A  
SMILING HOST BECOMES  
A SINISTER HOOD!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS  
--GRAB 'EM!

UP WITH THE DUKES,  
MAMMA'S BOY!

HUM! WHAT'S  
THE MEANING  
OF THIS!

THE  
CATWOMAN!  
WHY--THEY'RE  
ALL IN  
LEAGUE!

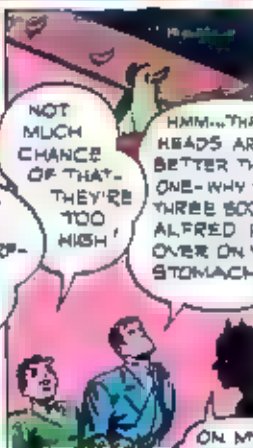
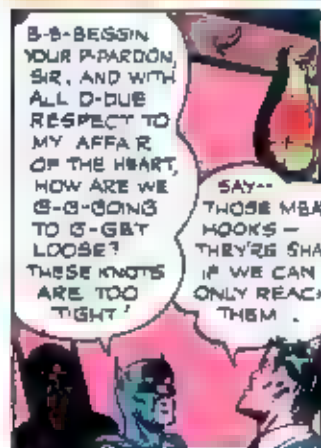
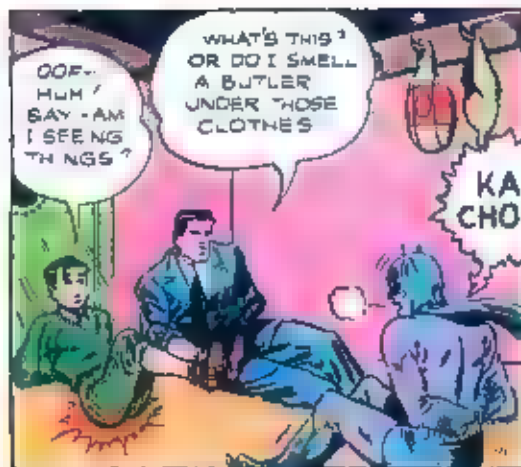
HOW CLEVER OF YOU, MR.  
WAYNE, AND HOW NICE OF  
YOU TO DROP IN. WE WERE  
GONS TO ROB YOUR PLACE  
ANYWAY, BUT NOW THAT  
YOU'RE HERE, WE CAN  
DROP OVER AND REMOVE YOUR  
VALUABLES AT OUR LEISURE.  
WE NO LONGER NEED  
TROUBLE ABOUT ALFRED'S  
UNWILLINGNESS TO  
REVEAL WHEN  
YOU WERE  
OUT!

I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU OWN  
QUITE A NUMBER OF PRICELESS  
ANTIQUES AND SINCE THIS WILL  
BE OUR LAST JOB IN THIS  
SECTION OF THE  
COUNTRY, WE WANT TO DO IT  
THOROUGHLY!  
YOUR KEYS  
NATURALLY  
WILL BE  
A HELP!

YOU CAN'T  
DO THIS TO  
ME!

DON'T GET SO  
EXCITED, PAL! YOU'LL  
HAVE PLENTY OF CHANCE  
TO COOL OFF IN HERE!  
NOT TO MENTION THAT  
YOUSE WILL BE IN  
DISTINGUISHED  
COMPANY!





WERE THEY  
GO -- WHOOPS!



OOF

SECONDS LATER FREED  
OF THEIR BONDS THREE  
STRONG BODIES HURTLE  
AGAINST THE REFRIGERA-  
TOR DOOR



ALL TOGETHER  
NOW --

OUTER CLOTHING REMOVED,  
THE REAL BATMAN AND  
ROBIN SPEED ON WINGED  
FEET TOWARD THE WAYNE  
MANSION --



I'M APPRAID THERE'S SOME-  
THING OF THE SNAIL ABOUT  
ALFRED. HOPE WE GET THERE  
IN TIME

IF THEY COUNT  
ON MOVING OUT  
ALL OUR ANTIQUES  
THEY'LL STILL BE  
BUSY

PUFF-PUFF.  
DEAR ME, I CAN'T  
KEEP UP WITH THEM.  
MUST SIT DOWN  
AND CATCH MY  
BREATH

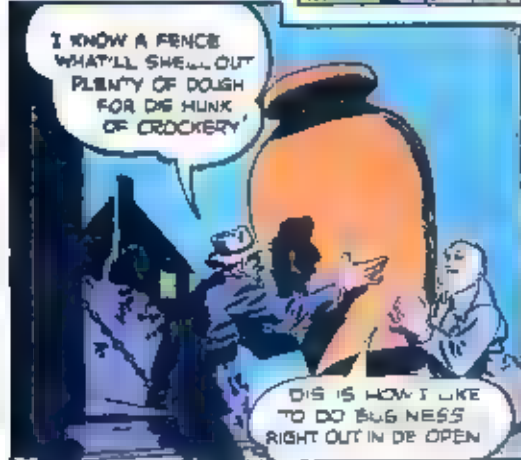


HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT FOR  
NERVE? IF ANYBODY ASKS  
QUESTIONS THEY JUST SHOW  
MY KEYS AND IT LOOKS  
LEGITIMATE



WELL, HERE'S WHERE  
WE PROVE IT ISN'T

I KNOW A FENCE  
WHAT'LL SELL OUT  
PLENTY OF DOUGH  
FOR DIS HUNK  
OF CROCKERY



DIS IS HOW I LIKE  
TO DO BUG NESS  
RIGHT OUT IN DE OPEN

HEY -- I'M SEEN' THINGS!

WHEN I GET  
THROUGH WITH YOU,  
YOU'LL BE SEEN'S  
BARS!





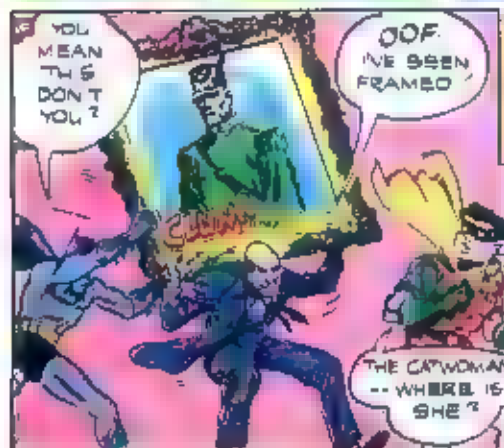


RIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG-- IN THE JUG



THIS OUGHT TO GIVE YOUR FACE A NICE ANTIQUE FINISH

HERE'S THE LATEST NEXTER OR DECORATIONS, BRAT



YOU MEAN THIS DON'T YOU?

OOF. I'VE BEEN FRAMED

THE CATWOMAN -- WHERE IS SHE?

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, WATCHFUL EYES WIDEN IN WONDER AT AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW.

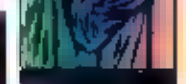
OH OH ROBIN MUST HAVE FREED THE BATMAN. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE'D SHOW UP. I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE

FEAR LENDS WINGS TO FELINE FEET AS THE CATWOMAN FLEES THROUGH THE BACK DOOR...

- AND TO THINK THAT I HAD THE BATMAN SAFELY LOCKED AWAY. I NEVER FAULTS TO END LIKE THIS. BUT HE WON'T GET ME THIS TIME.



NO--THIS TIME I'VE GOT A GOOD START AND-- AWK! BATMAN, HOW DID YOU GET HERE SO FAST?



How DID THE BATMAN MANAGE IT? OR, PERHAPS--YES, IT IS IT'S ALFRED.

WELL, WHAT AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY TO PAY OFF A LITTLE DEBT FOR MY GOOD FRIEND ALFRED. A LITTLE SPANKING WILL DO THE TRICK. AND, BELIEVE ME, IT WILL HURT YOU MORE THAN IT WILL ME.

LET US BE DISCREET AND WITHDRAW AS ALFRED  
PAYS HIS PRIVATE DEBT TO THE CATWOMAN BACK  
AT THE WAYNE HOUSE SOME MINUTES LATER.

YOU  
CERTAINLY  
GOT HERE  
FAST

NICE WORK **BATMAN**!  
COMMISSIONER GORDON LL  
BE ABLE TO SLEEP TONIGHT.  
TOO BAD THE CATWOMAN  
GOT AWAY!

WE'LL  
GET  
HER YET

WELL THE  
GANG'S ON  
THEIR WAY TO  
JUG BUT WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
CATWOMAN?

AND  
ALFRED  
HASN'T SHOWN  
UP YET  
WHERE CAN  
HE BE?  
WAIT--I HEAR  
FOOTSTEPS  
OUTSIDE!

LOOK ' ITS THE  
CATWOMAN AND  
AL- I MEAN,  
**BATMAN**!

IT'S BEGINNING  
TO LOOK AS  
IF TWO  
BATMEN ARE  
BETTER  
THAN  
ONE!

F I MAY USE YOUR PHONE  
MR WAYNE I'D LIKE TO NOTIFY  
THE POLICE OF AN IMPORTANT  
CAPTURE

ER--  
BY ALL  
MEANS,  
**BATMAN**

AND YOU CAN  
SIT DOWN WHILE  
YOU'RE WAITING,  
CATWOMAN

LATER--

HMM I DON'T BELIEVE  
THE CATWOMAN WOULD  
CARE TO SIT DOWN  
JUST YET MR WAYNE--  
HELLO POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS?

ER YES  
D RATHER  
STAND..

--AND SHE ADMITTED THAT  
SHE AND CRAVEN RENTED THE  
HOUSE AND HELD A SERVANT'S  
BALL SO SHE COULD GET ACQUAINTED!  
THEN SHE PLAYED FAST  
AND LOUSE WITH ALL  
OF US TO OBTAIN  
INFORMATION

PERHAPS SO, SIR BUT  
THINK OF MY WOUNDED  
AFFECTIONS AND THE  
EFFECT OF MY ROMANCE  
ON YOUR DIGESTIONS!  
ER BY THE WAY F I MAY  
BE SO BOLD I THINK I MAKE  
RATHER A GOOD **BATMAN** SIR

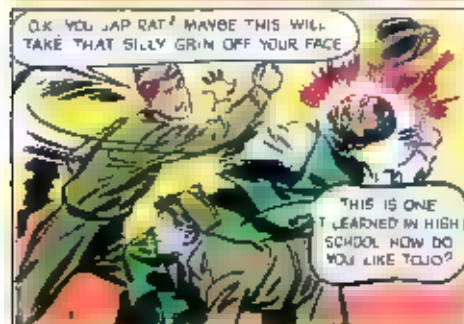
TOO GOOD  
ACCORDING TO THE  
CAT-  
WOMAN  
ALFRED

I STILL THINK  
ALFRED THAT  
YOU WERE RATHER  
DRASTIC WITH HER

THE  
END



# ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE



# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

"HELLO EASTERN TELEGRAPH?  
I WANT TO SEND A TELEGRAM!  
READY?... HERE IT IS..."

DEAR READER,

FOLLOWING STORY OF BATMAN  
AND ROBIN IS A SLAM-BANG YARN  
OF A CLEVER CRIMINAL WITH AN  
UNUSUAL SCHEME, YOU WILL BE  
SURPRISED BY THE STORY'S  
ANGLES AND THRILLED BY ITS  
WILD AND EXCITING CLIMAX.

YES, THAT'S THE MESSAGE.  
SIGN IT **THE EDITOR**, AND  
RUSH IT OUT AT ONCE. I THINK  
YOU'LL MAKE BETTER TIME  
IF YOU SEND IT WITH...

**"DICK GRAYSON,  
TELEGRAPH  
BOY!"**



BY  
**BOB  
KANE**





HERE'S A FAMILIAR SCENE...

CAN'T YOU GUYS STOP DA BATMAN? SLUG IM!



BUT WAIT! SOMETHING'S MISSING!

WONDER WHERE ROBIN IS? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL AFTERNOON!

PERHAPS THE CONCERN OVER ROBIN'S ABSENCE MAKES BATMAN UNWARY... BUT AT ANY RATE...

LATER... THE NOW CONSCIOUS BATMAN LISTENS TO THE RANTING OF POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON.

BAT'S DA TICKET OKAY, LUGGS. LET'S LAM OUTA HERE BEFORE DA COPPERS NAB US

HOW DOES THIS GHOST GANG KNOW PRECISELY WHEN MONEY OR JEWELS ARE TRANSFERRED? HOW DO THEY LOCATE SECRET WALL SAFES AND KNOW THE COMBINATIONS?

CONFERENCES CONCERNING VALUABLE SHIPMENTS ARE HELD IN ROOMS WHERE EVEN THE WINDOWS ARE LOCKED. NO DICTAPHONES ARE FOUND... YET SOMEHOW, THIS GHOST GANG KNOWS EVERYTHING NOW? HOW?



BUT THE GHOST GANG'S NOT THE ONLY PROBLEM OF THE BATMAN. ALIAS BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY SCION...

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, DICK HIMSELF WALKS FROM A BUILDING... AND CLAD IN A UNIFORM...

ALFRED WHERE'S DICK BEEN RUNNING TO THESE AFTERNOONS? IT'S THE FIRST TIME HE'S EVER KEPT SECRETS FROM ME



I SHOULDN'T WORRY MAMSTER WAYNE. WHATEVER HIS PURPOSE, SIR, I MASURE IT IS AN HONEST ONE

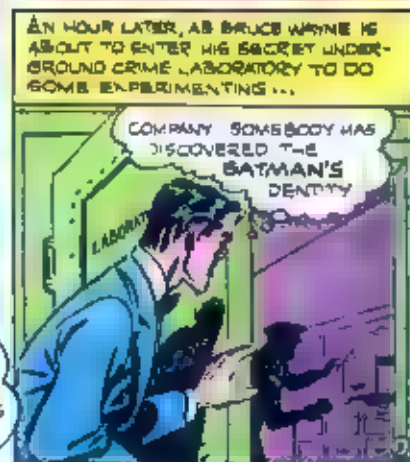
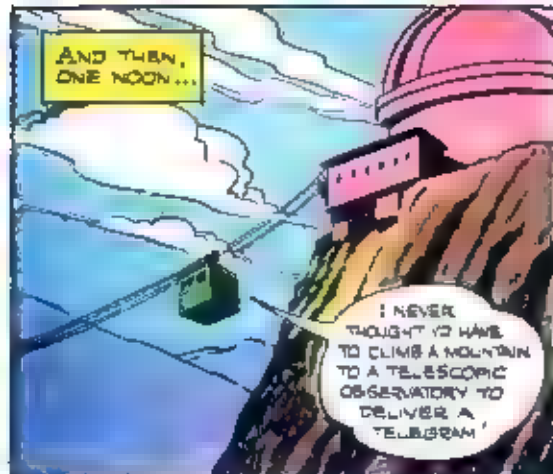
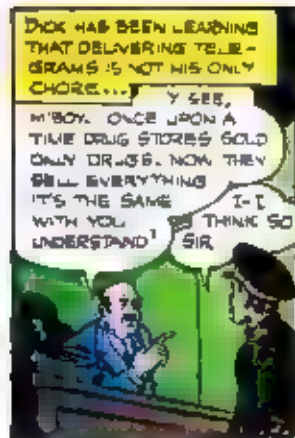


... BUT NOT IN THE FAMILIAR UNIFORM OF ROBIN. THE BOY WONDER

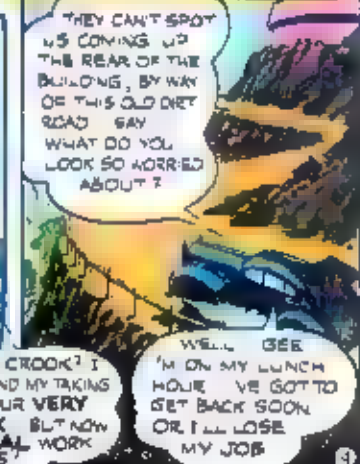
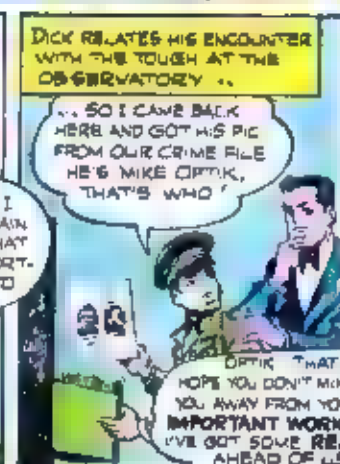
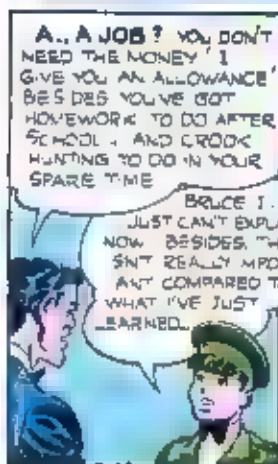
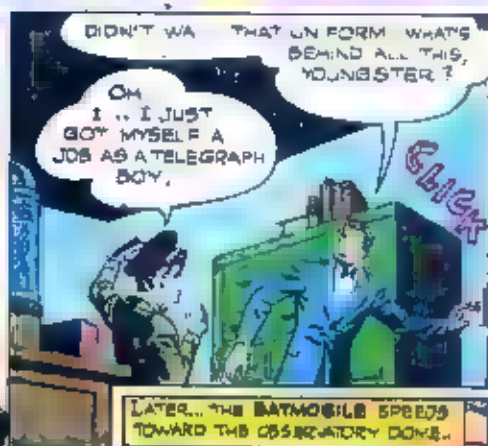


EASTERN TELEGRAPH SIGN HERE, PLEASE

HOLY COW! THE KID'S A TELEGRAPH BOY!







INSIDE THE HIGH,  
VAULTED  
OBSERVATORY.

YOU CAN'T KEEP  
ME A PRISONER  
FOREVER! MY  
ASSOCIATES ARE  
BOUND TO SUSPECT  
SOMETHING'S WRONG.

SURE  
OF  
YOURSELF  
AREN'T  
YOU?

BATMAN!  
HOW'D HE  
FIND US?

YEAH, THAT'S  
RIGHT. I THINK  
THE GHOST GANG  
WILL PULL ONE  
MORE BIG JOB AND  
THEN RE-RE-  
AND SO WILL YOU  
UNDERSTAND?

YOU HAVE  
SOMETHING  
THERE, PAL!

GET HIM  
BEFORE HE  
GETS US!

LOOK  
AT THAT  
GUY! HE'S  
GOT  
WINGS!

NOT ONLY  
WINGS- LEGS  
TOO!

ULP!

BULLS-EYE  
BATMAN,  
THAT'S  
ME!

MEANTIME...

AND I  
USED TO THINK  
SLIDING DOWN  
A BANNISTER  
WAS FUN.





WHERE...  
RIGHT  
ON THE  
DOME!

IN A SURPRISE MOVE OPTIK RE-  
SORTS TO AN OLD COWARDLY BUT  
ALWAYS EFFECTIVE RUSE

QU T HOPPIN AROUND  
YOU MONKEYS. OR THE  
PROFESSOR GETS  
NIS- NOW

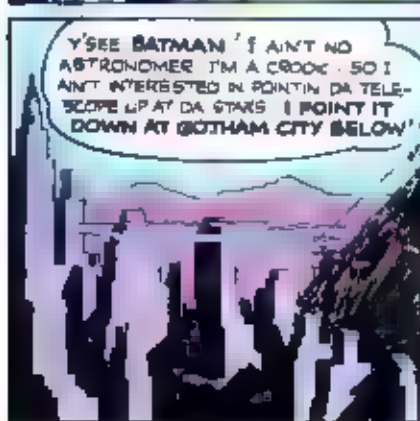
DON'T MIND ME,  
**BATMAN**  
JUST KEEP  
PUNCHING

BORRY PROFESSOR  
HENDRICKS, BUT I LIKE  
YOL ALIVE... AND WHERE  
THERE'S LIFE THERE'S  
HOPE OKAY OPTIK WELL  
QU T

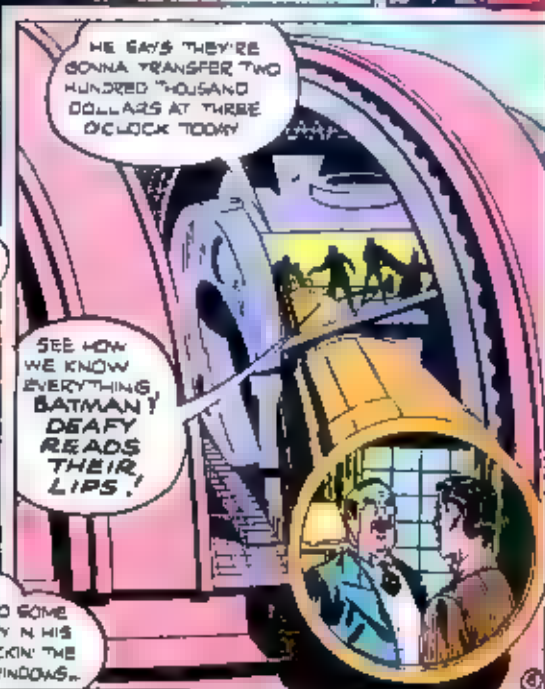
LATER

OKAY MR RAT  
BEFORE YOU FLEE  
AT THE WHITES OF  
OUR EYES I'D LIKE  
TO KNOW WHAT THE  
OBSERVATORY HAS  
TO DO WITH YOUR  
GHOST BANE ACT

SURE WHY  
NOT I YOU  
AIN'T GOIN'  
NOWHERE  
NEIN THE  
BOYS WILL  
DEMON-  
STRATE!

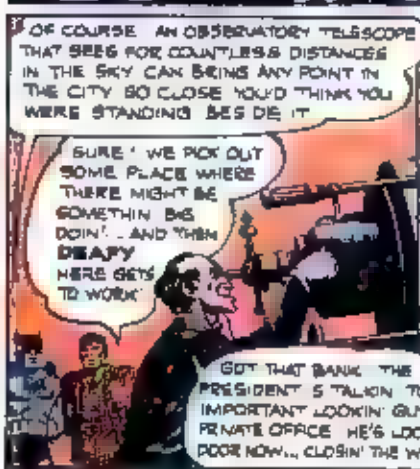


Y'SEE BATMAN I AINT NO  
ASTRONOMER I'M A CROOK. SO I  
AIN'T INTERESTED IN POINTIN DA TELE-  
SCOPE UP AT DA STARS I POINT IT  
DOWN AT GOTHAM CITY BELOW!



HE SAYS THEY'RE  
GONNA TRANSFER TWO  
HUNDRED THOUSAND  
DOLLARS AT THREE  
O'CLOCK TODAY

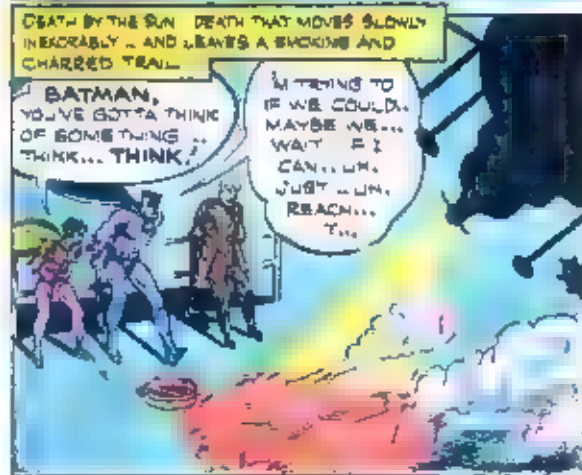
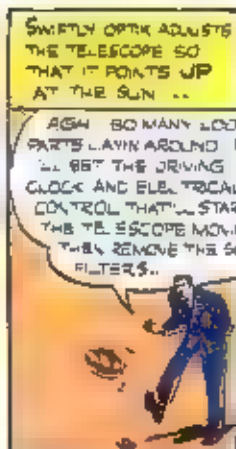
SEE HOW  
WE KNOW  
EVERYTHING,  
**BATMAN!**  
**DEAFY**  
**READS**  
**THEIR**  
**LIPS!**



OF COURSE AN OBSERVATORY TELESCOPE  
THAT SEES FOR COUNTLESS DISTANCES  
IN THE SKY CAN BRING ANY POINT IN  
THE CITY SO CLOSE YOU'D THINK YOU  
WERE STANDING BESIDE IT

SURE! WE PICK OUT  
SOME PLACE WHERE  
THERE MIGHT BE  
SOMETHIN BIG  
GOIN'... AND THEN  
**DEAFY**  
HERE GETS  
TO WORK

GUT THAT BANK THE  
PRESIDENT'S TALION TO SOME  
IMPORTANT LOOKIN' GUY N HIS  
PRIVATE OFFICE HE'S LOCKIN' THE  
DOOR NOW... CLOSIN' THE WINDOWS...





NEARER...EVER NEARER CREEPS THE TERRIBLE ORB OF BLAME—  
THEN LIKE A FIERY COMET, IT STRIKES ...

HOPE I DON'T GET  
A HOT FOOT  
HERE GOES!

THERE 'S GOT IT  
IN FOCUS! I  
FIGURED THEY'D  
JUST ABOUT BE  
REACHING  
THE BOTTOM!

MINUTES LATER ...

GOLLY, THOSE ROPES  
WERE TIGHT! OLD STUFF  
NOW! ALL WE DO S GET  
TO THAT BANK AND NAB  
THOSE CROOKS IN THE  
ACT!

AREN'T YOU FOR  
GETTING YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHICH  
BANK?

SWIFTLY,  
BATMAN  
REPAIRS THE  
FUSED WIRES  
AND TIES THE  
TELESCOPE  
DOWN ...  
AT THE  
CABLE  
CAR!

BOYS THE  
ACORN  
EXCHANGE  
BANK S DUE  
FOR A  
SURPRISE.  
EH? HAW!  
HAW!

AND MIRACULOUSLY ...

THE TELESCOPE'S STOPPED  
MOVING. THAT GADGET! NOW...

IT WAS A TELESCOPE MIRROR  
ATTACHMENT USED FOR LONG  
STUDY OF THE SKY

THE SUN'S  
RAY STRUCK THAT MIRROR...  
WAS DEFLECTED ONTO  
THE WIRES THAT CON-  
TROLLED THE TELESCOPE'S  
DRIVING CLOCK. IT'S CON-  
CENTRATED HEAT FUSED  
THE WIRES AND CAUSED A SHORT-  
CIRCUIT. GOOD  
THANKS  
BATMAN!

THAT'S RIGHT  
AND THERE ARE  
HUNDREDS OF THEM IN  
GOTHAM CITY

IT'S THE ACORN  
EXCHANGE BANK WE WONT  
TAKE ANY CHANCES - PHONE  
GORDON TO GET THERE  
AHEAD OF THEM!

B-BUT THE BANK?  
HOW DID YOU KNOW?

PART OF OUR  
SPECIAL TRAINING,  
PROFESSOR  
BATMAN AND I  
CAN READ LIPS  
ALSO OPTIK'S  
OWN TRICK HAS  
BOOGERANGED

BUT THE  
BEST LAD  
PLANS OF  
MICE AND  
MEN

WELL GORDON  
WHERE ARE  
THE RATS?

RATS? YOU MEAN  
BELLS THEY SLIPPED  
THROUGH OUR NETS WE  
ONLY MANAGED TO  
BAG ONE

QUIZ TIME...AND NO  
ANSWER TO THE \$64  
QUESTION.

OPTIK DON'T  
CARE ANY LOOT  
IN THE OBSERVA-  
TORY WHERE'S  
YOUR OTHER  
H DEBUT?

HOLD IT  
COMMISSIONER  
HE WONT TALK

THEN, TO HOOBLUM EGGHEAD COMES BLACKNESS - A BLIND-FOLD - A BUZZ OF SECRET CONVERSATION... TWO LOUD VOICES...

THEN, COMMISSIONER GORDON, I MAY DO AS I WISH WITH THE PRISONER?

YES, PROFESSOR HENDRICKS. HE'S ALL YOURS - JUST GET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT!

HANDS PUSH EGGHEAD INTO A CAR - AND THEREFOLLOWS A LONG MYSTERIOUS RUDE...

HEY, PROFESSOR! WHERE'S YA TAKIN ME? WHAT'S DA IDEA?

YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!

FINALLY, THE CAR STOPS... EGGHEAD IS PROPELLED INSIDE - STRAPPED INTO A CHAIR... AND THEN THE BLIND-FOLD IS REMOVED

HUH? WE MUST RODE FIFER HOURS - IT'S NIGHT - SAY, WHERE ARE WE? WHAT IS DIS?

WE ARE ATOP A HIGH MOUNTAIN... WE ARE IN MY ROCKET SHIP!

SUDDENLY THE WHOLE SKY SEEMS TO DROP SICKENINGLY... THE MOON LURCHES...

YOW! WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?

DON'T BE ALARMED EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN JUST A MOMENT - MY SPACE SHIP HAS JUST LEFT EARTH!

JUST LEFT EARTH! YOU'RE CRAZY! IT AIN'T TRUE!

OH - IT'S TRUE! AT THIS RATE OF SPEED WE SHOULD REACH THE MOON WITHIN AN HOUR! SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW MUCH LARGER THE MOON IS NOW!

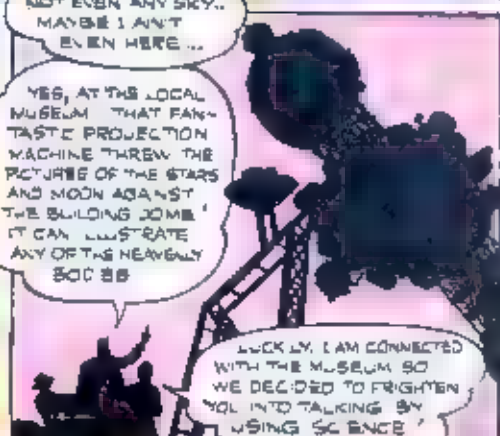
WE SHALL BE THE FIRST EARTHMEN TO LAND ON THE MOON - SEPARATED FROM MAN - ALL ALONE ON AN ALIEN, DEAD WORLD!

I WANNA GO HOME WHY DID YA HAVE TO TAKE ME ALONG?

TO PUNISH YOU! I'VE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR BACK ON EARTH - YOUR HEYOMEN HAVE DISGRACED ME BY USING MY OBSERVATORY FOR CRIMINAL PURPOSES! PERHAPS IF I COULD RECOVER THE LOOT... LOCATE OPT K'S HIDEOUT...??

IT'S THE WAREHOUSE ON PERRY STREET NOW, LET'S GET BACK TO EARTH!





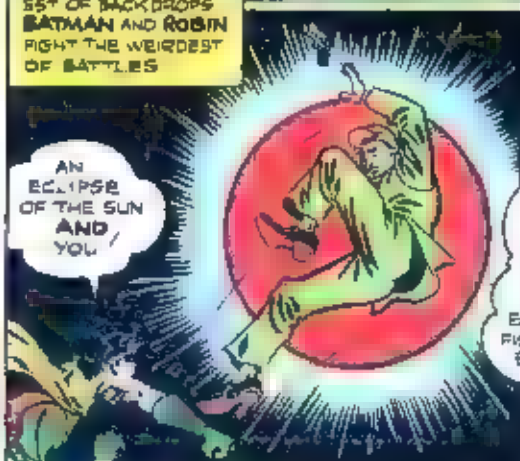
AND THEN THE PROJECTION MACHINE RUNS WILD!



MISSED,  
BLAST YA!

SMATTER BUD,  
GOT STARS IN  
YOUR EYES?

AGAINST THE WILD-  
EST OF BACKDROPS  
BATMAN AND ROBIN  
FIGHT THE WEIRDEST  
OF BATTLES



AN  
ECLIPSE  
OF THE SUN  
AND  
YOU!

PLANETS WHEEL ACROSS THE SKY AND  
WITHOUT A TELESCOPE PROFESSOR  
HENDRICKS OBSERVES...



NEW  
WORLDS  
ARE OPEN-  
ING UP FOR  
ME 'I'VE  
NEVER  
ENGAGED IN  
FISTICUFFS  
BEFORE

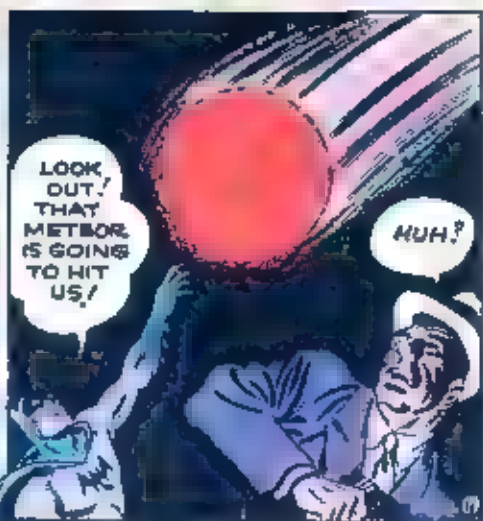
WORLDS COLLIDE... AND  
DIE -- AS DEATH SUDDENLY  
LOOMS OVER BATMAN



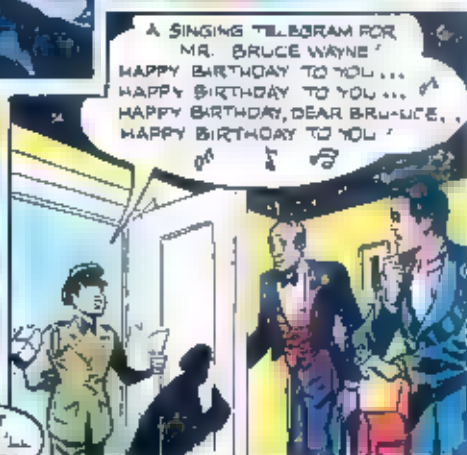
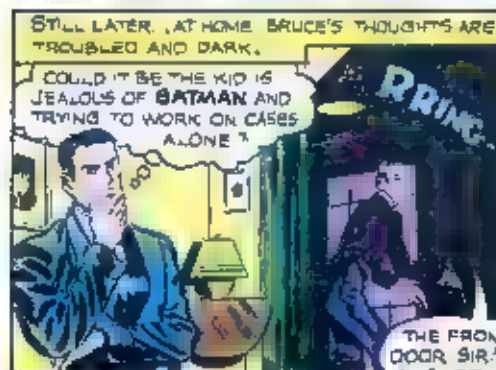
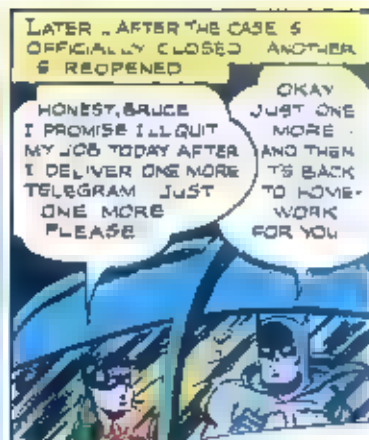
YOUR LUCKY  
STAR QUIT ON YA, BATMAN!  
THIS TIME YA AIN'T GOT A  
CHANCE

LOOK  
OUT!  
THAT  
METEOR  
IS GOING  
TO HIT  
US!

HUH?







# PRIVATE PETE

KEEP OFF!

SHHH

HED HED HED - "AD  
TUBEE BOUR - - ON TO  
GUARD DUTY I MUST  
GO!

NOW "AD" I HED I...  
--ST SUD SOME OF "BSE  
Y TNS APPA

TUBEE - NOW IN ALL  
SET

WHAT A JOE! ALL YOU  
NEED IS A LITTLE SMART  
THINKING AND YOU'RE ALL  
SET.

**OKAY, MACARTHUR,  
YOU CAN GET UP NOW  
AND EXPLAIN THIS!**

IT'S SIMPLE SEE NO ONE WOULD DARE  
WALK ACROSS THESE GROUNDS WITH ALL  
THE SIGNS AROUND

KEEP OFF  
THE GRASS  
HEAVY 550000

KEEP OFF  
THE GRASS

KEEP  
THE  
HEAVY 55



"We're gonna play Naal torture chamber—we made this box of Wheaties in front of Johnny but won't let him have any."

**YES SIR! DEPRIVING A GOOD WHEATIES-EATER OF HIS FAVORITE CEREAL RANKS AS CRUEL AND INHUMAN PUNISHMENT. BUT THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU HAVE TO MISS OUT ON YOUR "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." THERE'S PLENTY OF WHEATIES TO GO AROUND... PLENTY OF THIS GOOD NOURISHING WHOLE WHEAT PRODUCT TO HELP YOU MAKE EVERY MORNING'S BREAKFAST A REAL HUMDINGER. GET**

**NEXT TO WHEATIES AND START GETTING MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE.**

**HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND  $\$2$  AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 559 MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!**



**"Breakfast of**

**Champions"**  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

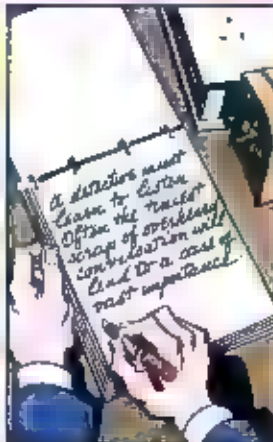


# The Adventures of ALFRED

HERE COMES ALFRED, THE SLEUTHING BUTLER IN A STRICTLY SOLO DETECTIVE ROLE. AWAY FROM HIS POST IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME, HE WRITES A MINOR EPIC IN THE ANNALS OF CRIMINOLOGY AS HE FOLLOWS, BY THE TRIAL AND ERROR METHOD (MOSTLY ERROR!), A REMARKABLE--  
**"CONVERSATIONAL CLUE!"**



A SCHOLARLY MAN IS ALFRED. HERE SEEN MAKING COPIOUS NOTES IN THE CRIMINOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.



AND A FRIENDLY MAN IS ALFRED, ALWAYS READY TO CONVERSE WITH A RESPECTABLE-LOOKING STRANGER.

"FASCINATING SUBJECT, CRIMINOLOGY, DON'T YOU THINK, SIR?"

"INDEED I DO. I HAVE STUDIED IT FOR YEARS. IN FACT, I AM A PRACTICING PROFESSOR OF CRIMINOLOGY."



SUDDENLY ALFRED'S ALERT EARS CATCH A TINY SCRAP OF EVEN MORE FASCINATING CONVERSATION FROM ACROSS THE TABLE.

"HERE'S WHAT WE WANT: A METHOD OF MURDER THAT WAS SO NEARLY PERFECT, IT TOOK THE POLICE YEARS TO GET WISE."

"MY WORD."

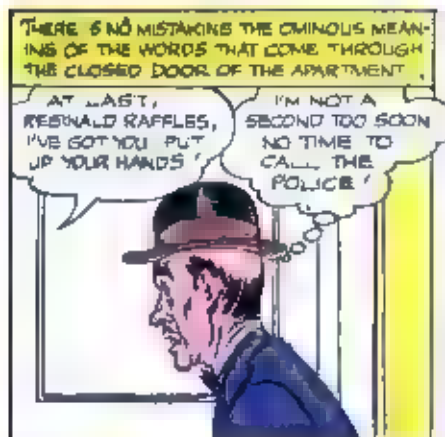
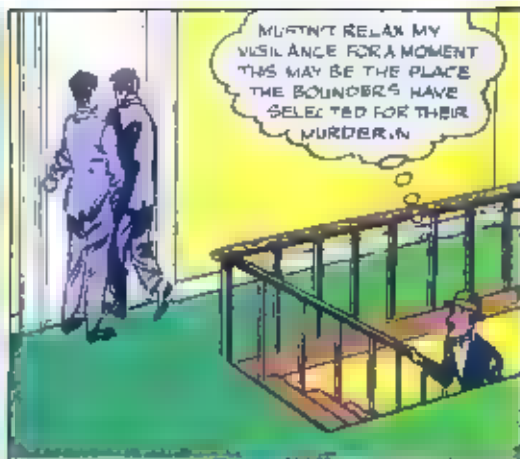
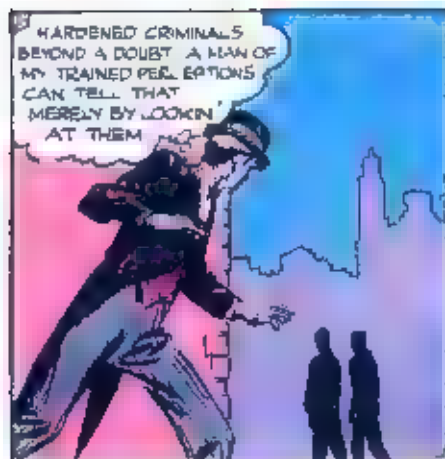


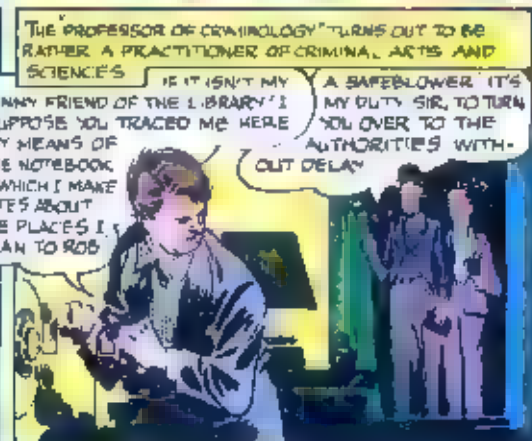
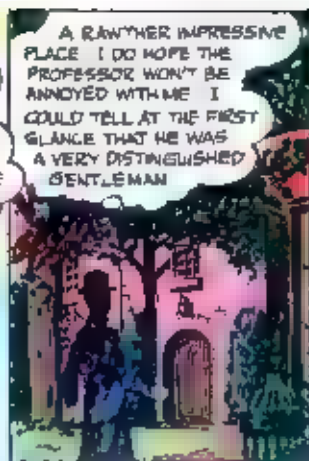
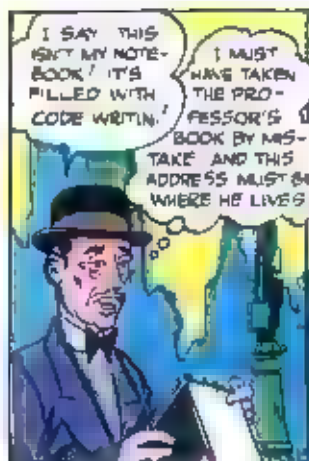
"THAT'S HOW WE'LL KILL OFF REGINALD RAFFLES."

"I MUST FOLLOW THEM."

"OOOPS! BEG PARDON, SIR."









MANY A TIME THE MIGHTY BATMAN HAS TURNED THE TABLES ON HIS FOES BY A SWIFT OFFENSIVE, SUCH AS THIS

YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE BUT TO RESORT TO VIOLENCE

GET IN, PROF

AND ALFRED'S TABLE TURNING IS HIGHLY EFFECTIVE

CHEE DERE GOES DA TNT

OH DEAR

WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN UP

A SLIGHT JAR WILL EXPLODE IT

I'LL RIPP DA HOUSE APART

GRACIOUS WHAT A PITY IF A CAREER AS PROMISING AS MINE SHOULD BE NIPPED IN THE BUD

A BREATHLESS INSTANT OF NIGH-UNPLEASANT SUSPENSE AND THEN

SO HELP ME I'M AFRAID TO LOOK, FOR FEAR I'LL SEE MYSELF BLOWN TO BITS

### THE CAPTURE

AND NOW, WILL YOU ACCOMPANY ME TO THE NEAREST POLICE STATION QUIETLY? OR SHALL I--?

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS, YOU'VE GOT US!

DON'T TROW IT!

LATER, A RATHER CHESTY BUTLER RETURNS TO THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON

GOOD EVENING SIR MAY I OFFER THE OBSERVATION THAT SOMETIMES AN OVERHEARD SNATCH OF CONVERSATION WILL PUT ONE ONTO THE TRACK OF CRIMINALS--AND SOME TIMES NOT!

YOU MAY, ALFRED-- BUT I DON'T, QUITE GET IT

MERELY A RULE OF CRIMINOLOGY SIR WHICH I PROVED TODAY BY CAPTURING PROFESSOR DYKE THE NOTORIOUS SAFE-BLOWER RED-HANDED IN

IS THE COMMISSION OF A CRIME HE KIDDING BRUCE?

SOMEHOW, DICK, I DON'T BELIEVE HE IS

# GOOGL JUDGE JOLLY

HAVE YOU A LIFE PROBLEM?  
WHO HASN'T, HUM? -- WELL,  
WHATEVER IT IS, BE IT A FINANCIAL  
TWITCH, FALLEN ARCHES, A LOST  
RELATIVE - A SOUP ROMANCE OR  
JUST ANY OLD SOCIAL PAIN IN  
THE NECK AT ALL, BRING IT  
STRAIGHT TO GOOD OL' JUDGE  
JOLLY. -- HE WILL SURE  
'FIX YOU UP PRETTY' --

HOWDY, HOWDY,  
FOLKS!

THE NEXT CASE IS THAT  
OF ONE ASPARA MOONEY,  
PLEASE STEP UP AND  
STATE YOUR COMPLAINT  
MADAM!

I'M HERE  
ALREADY, JUDGE!

OH! / SO WHAT,  
YOUNGSTER?

I WANT TO HAVE MY  
NAME CHANGED PLEASE  
JUDGE, AND THAT'S  
WHAT I'M HERE TO  
FIND OUT HOW?

M'M, STAY PUT DOWN  
THERE SIS, WHILE I  
PATHUM THIS OUT.  
AT FIRST HEARING  
IT SOUNDS LIKE A  
MIGHTY PURTY NAME  
TO ME! WHAT'S  
YOUR MAIN  
OBJECTION?

WELL TWO HEADS ARE  
BETTER THAN ONE, AND  
HERE'S MY TWIN BROTHER, --  
HE WANTS HIS CHANGED TOO!

SURE IT'S BETTER  
WHEN I THROW  
MY HEAD IN TOO!  
AIN'T IT JUDGE!

TSK TSK TSK! / IT'S A  
FAMILY AFFAIR EH?  
AND WHAT MAY YOUR  
NAME BE SONNY BOY?

IT'S  
GUS, SIR!

AND WE BOTH FEEL WE'RE  
JUST BEING USED TO ADVERTISE  
THE FAMILY BUSINESS!

AND WHAT TRADE IS YOUR  
FAMILY ENGAGED IN?

JUDGE THEY'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN --

ASPARA-GUS GROWERS!!

CASE DISMISSED!

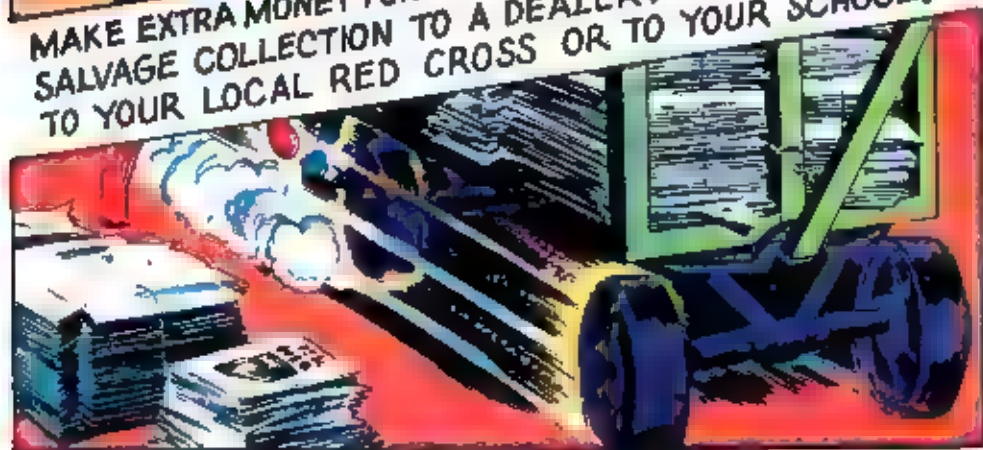
# WASTE PAPER

HAS BECOME  
A WEAPON  
OF WAR!

BECAUSE OF A PAPER SHORTAGE, WASTE PAPER IS BADLY NEEDED FOR SHELL CONTAINERS, SUPPLY PACKAGES, PARACHUTE FLARES, BOMB BANDS AND MANY OTHER MILITARY ESSENTIALS. DO **YOUR** BIT BY COLLECTING WASTE PAPER OF ALL KINDS!

FIGHT  
PAPER WASTE-  
AND HANG ONE  
ON THE  
PAPER-HANGER  
OF BERLIN!

MAKE EXTRA MONEY FOR WAR BONDS BY SELLING YOUR PAPER SALVAGE COLLECTION TO A DEALER! OR TURN IT OVER TO YOUR LOCAL RED CROSS OR TO YOUR SCHOOL!





THE CORRECT ANSWER TO EACH  
KWIZ WILL BE FOUND IN THE  
LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF  
EACH PANEL.

## WHY ARE SHODDIES' SUCH SILLY FISH?

TO DAY I'VE GOT FOR  
YOU FRESH FROM  
SARDINIA," SARDINES!

FRESH  
FISH  
DAILY

BECAUSE THEY CRAWL  
INTO AN OPENING IN A  
"CAN LICK THEMSELVES  
UP AND THEN LEAVE THE  
KEY OUTSIDE."

WHAT WORD OF ONLY THREE SYLLABLES  
COMBINES IN IT TWENTY SIX LETTERS?

ALPHEBET.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN  
A NEW DIME AND AN OLD PENNY?

GUESS WHICH  
HAND AND IT'S  
YOURS!

NINE CENTS.

HOW CAN IT BE PROVED THAT A HORSE  
HAS SIX LEGS?

SWAP INTO  
IT WHOLELY

HE HAS FORELEGS  
IN FRONT AND TWO  
BEHIND.

WHEN I EXITE A MAN SUFFERS THREE TIMES 2

AC100!  
ACHOO!  
AT-CHOO!

AT ME 2

WHEN HE CANT  
HELP IT ..

WHAT TIME IS IT WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES 13?

BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG

TIME TO HAVE THE  
CLOCK REPAIRED

## DEDUCT A MURDER

by Walt Cochrane

**T**HE Chief was pretty sarcastic about it.

"I don't know why it is Mr. Crum, but every time you touch a case the tra— which was hot suddenly blows cold" Mr. Crum's head went on. The only thing that keeps you from being back pounding a beat is your dumb Irish luck. You can wind up behind an eight ball more than anybody I've ever known, and still manage to come through."

Defective Dan McGurn winked and tossed his ponderous bulk around in the hair. Right be. McGurn, the heavy ended him and not behind his back either. He managed now to essay a slight smile but it was a very feeble one.

"There is a lot to what you say Chief," he agreed. "But you gotta remember I work on the process of devaluation. McGun's voice rose a bit, he puffed. And I always get results, Chief."

Chief Waters asserted. His beefy face became even redder. It's just dumb luck, McGinn, and you know it. Why'd I did it I know."

"Yeah, I know," McGurn thought to himself. "You and I started on the force together. Now you're the Chief and I'm on my first case as a detective." Long ago, Eight ball had resigned himself to this relationship. He really liked the Chief and he knew Walters was fond of him. He didn't even resent the fact that they called his elimination ideas pure luck. Now he said:

"Chief I got this Webb file and murder narrowed down pretty well I've minuted a lot of suspects already, and sooner or later I'm going to strike the trail. It may be a little while."

Chief Walters cut him short. "It's been two weeks now," he pointed out caustically, "and the newspapers are whittling us down. The Mayor is getting sore."

for. Have we done? I am  
page 10 in your book.  
Dan Y. says, my book I  
have the same as you.  
I have the same as he.  
has. And a West Man  
was a day and a half.

M. G. ... as this  
were ...  
The ...  
was ...  
He ...  
We ...  
de ...  
May ...

Morgan's crime was what he says. We [redacted] the [redacted] case. Chief Judge [redacted] H. [redacted] he added. Anyway, I got 14 days for it. But that's all I need. He started [redacted] if he [redacted] anything. I [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

A and he thought it was a mistake. As they approached Mr. Mason the dead state wife demanded an investigation. When he discovered the truth, I had looked the same as a lost boy. Mr. Mason had said her husband had been murdered. This despite the fact that the bullet had entered Mrs. a right temple. He was wearing the gun, and only the wife was on. I knew he must have lost his mind. She had said he was a murderer. He said he had much. He had a long life for ten years and peace. I told you he was murdered.

And because she was a voracious reader with plenty of political backing behind her, the District Attorney had a harder time getting in backhanded attacks on her than was going right up to the trial.

McCaun ambled along the street still carrying The Chief. He had been walking about a square block from his home. Now, one of them was reaching the gate to the house, the big Luke McCaun, he could figure no reason for Manus to want to kill himself.

But he hadn't done it who had. The assignment had been a fair game. Mr. G. had a well-earned reputation as the "game" hunter in the "game" area. Tim G. was a "Manning" talent. Manning was a great friend and Tim will be a great friend for new women over his old friends.

St. Germain shrugged. There was nothing to be done but ask some of the other men. Everyone had seen M. G. and none of his friends were there, all open to questioning. The boy stayed at his desk, looking very busy in the wings, and took a huge bite in the next hour. No one had been arrested, and all was quiet.

He then went into Mr. Guss's room and he suddenly found that Tom Gair had a few things from the street.

H... Gov in packing  
... 484)

The man about his  
box. "I'm getting a new  
Wetzel's stuff for my Mrs.  
Maud. He's a pair of  
things I need back. There  
are his old red sponge staff  
but no old red sponge staff  
days. And I've got his gold  
here and things like that. Mind  
if I keep no more?"

"Go ahead," said McGurn. "We can talk." He peered idly through the books. Mason certainly had poured plenty of bricks across his way. He noted at one of the pictures. "Hey, when was he a cater?"

A man Gert picked up  
"Webb" was there punched his  
knave of Webb's a mean  
He was not asked at the  
face of Webb's showing  
a picture of Webb's with Ma  
webb at the star Part of  
Webb's in That guy  
he is not the other man in  
the picture was Webb's  
a very nice guy He was  
Webb's partner And then when  
Webb hit the big money he was

ported Lou for a couple of years until, he found out Vlers was stealing his eye teeth. That's how I happened to get my job."

"Vlers eh?" McGurn looked at the picture with new respect. Vlers had been quite a comic once before hitting the skis. "Where is he now?" He looked again at the picture, seeing something familiar yet unfamiliar.

Gertz shrugged. "Who knows. He was pretty mad at Welb and threatened to make trouble. But you know that kind. He never showed back."

"Oh," McGurn sat back, his eyes thoughtful. "Here, let me help you with those." Gertz was struggling with a big bag and at the same time trying to pick up a bag of golf clubs. Some of the clubs slipped out, rattled to the floor. McGurn bent his head, then straightened up, the clubs in his hand. He liked golf, and now almost down modestly, he tested the balls of an iron. Then, he started. "Well, what do you think of that," he said softly.

Gertz was watching him with a strange look. "Something up."

"It's nothing," said McGurn. "I was just thinking. These are Welb's Mason's clubs."

"Sure. He always played golf. It kept him fit."

"I'm going to borrow them. I'll see that Mrs. Mason gets them back."

"Okay. Incidentally, I'll be at her house if you want me."

McGurn went out, saying the same. His presence at the public library. The Public Librarian he said.

He heard the clubs there went into the news, got them. When he got to the store, he found and returned them. He five hours of work in the morning. But there was a name in his mind. Only Lou Vlers alone knew as much about the police as Detective Dan McGurn.

The stage hands union was still open and asking McGurn found the man who had been handling the crew for Mason's last show. The guy's name

was Andy Palermo. He was mystified by McGurn's visit and still more surprised when McGurn told him what he wanted. "Sure," he said. "I can get that whole crew together every one of them. Most of 'em are working, but they'll be through at eleven o'clock tonight."

"Fine," McGurn said. "Have 'em on the stage of the Globe then. I'll be waiting."

Palermo was as good as his word. By eleven thirty, eight masked stage hands augmented by electrician, chorus girls, and spot men, were standing on the stage, facing McGurn. Tim Gertz and Mrs. Mason. The habit of voices stopped as McGurn, still puffing from the Herculean task he had performed, started to speak.

"A lot of you, I guess all of you are wondering why I asked you here," he said. "I want you to know I appreciate everyone coming. Why, not a week ago, one of you could have been out of the city. I guess it's just my dumb Irish and you don't all realize. He spoke slowly, laboriously. "Everyone believes that Welb Mason killed himself. That is everybody but Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Mason just Tim Gertz. He was the man at the bag of golf clubs in the floor."

They were mostly two who agreed. Welb Mason was delirious.

Excited, hoarse voices filled the stage. Mrs. Mason managed to catch her breath. McGurn held up his hand. "But what makes this a funny story, he said. "It is that the murderer is at a right here. He didn't get away. He killed Mason and he killed the figure in the room away. At last as he was about to leave, he had planned the perfect crime. You see, Mason must have recognized him. I let him get near enough to talk to me. And during the night."

A gasp came from the women. McGurn was looking at them. "He didn't know a piece was shifting underneath. The man who killed Mason—and it was a man, folks—knew everything

about this show. He knew when the music cue outside and the hammering backstage would be loud enough to drown out a gunshot. He knew the theatre too, and with that knowledge was sure he could get away with Mason's murder."

McGurn cleared his throat. His eyes seemed to be on every one. So the killer slipped into the dressing room and made his presence known to Mason. Surprised, Mason held his hand out, and as he did so the killer shot him, then arranged the suicide.

McGurn's hand stole casually to his pocket. But who is the killer? He smiled. "I would never have guessed it until I went to the Public Library today and checked the past of a man, a former actor. I learned he had gotten his start as a stage hand before becoming a comedian. That man had sworn to kill Mason and he never renounced that oath. The man's name was Lou Vlers, but now he's known as—"

A chorus girl screamed. "Look out, he's got a gun!"

The heavy swarthy man everlastingly knew as Tim Blane a nod at McGurn. The next moment McGurn's shot had blasted the gun from the man's hand. McGurn walked over quickly, hooked a shining cuff onto the unscattered waist. "It's all over, Vlers. Steady, he admonished like a parent to an unruly child. "What good would shooting me have done, you fool?"

The D.A. had the full confession within an hour signed. The Chief looked at McGurn, who seemed half asleep in the easy chair. "Well, you did it again, Dan, but I still don't see how."

McGurn smiled sheepishly. "Eliminate Chief," he said. He pointed to the girl who for the first time, Tim was left handed. "She. They're angry at Mason. And Vlers just didn't stop to think a left-handed guy doesn't shoot himself in the right temple—so it couldn't have been suicide. It had to be murder."



# BAT MAN

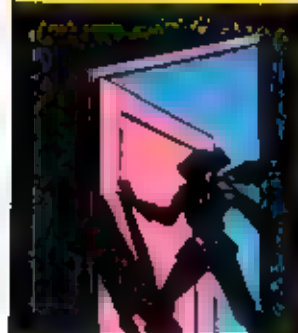
WITH  
ROBIN

"YOU CAN'T DO MONKEY BUSINESS WITH BATMAN!" IS THE FIRST RULE OF THE UNDERWORLD... BUT THAT RULE -- LIKE OTHERS IN THE CODE BOOK OF CRIMEDOM -- DOES NOT APPLY TO THAT DASHING KNAVE ERRANT... THE CAVALIER HANDSOME SWASHBUCKLING AND A DANGEROUS FOE... HE DELIBERATELY UNDERTAKES TO OUTWIT THE BATTLING BATMAN AND ROBIN... AND THE DYNAMIC DUO FACES ONE OF ITS MOST PERILOUS TESTS... WHEN

**"The Cavalier Thides Again!"**



IN A GLOOM SHROUDED  
HOUSE A SHADY  
FIGURE ENTERS A  
DARKENED ROOM...



THE CLICK OF A SWITCH, AND LIGHTS BLAZE UP TO  
REVEAL THE CAVALIER PLAYBOY SWORDSMAN OF CRIME

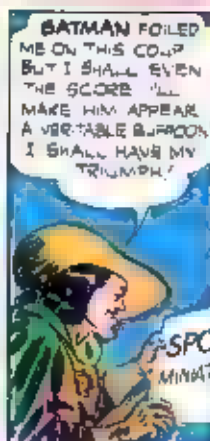


"OUNDS 'T PAINS ME TO  
VIEW THIS SORRY GENT'  
HERE WAS TO BE MY  
CHAMBER OF PRIZES...  
THE CHOICE  
BEAUTY OF  
HUMAN  
CULTURE!"

"THIS EMPTY DISPLAY  
BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION'  
I WAS TO HAVE CON-  
TAINED INVALUABLE  
CLIPS OF THE HISTORY  
OF SPORTS



BATMAN FOILED  
ME ON THIS COUP  
BUT I SHALL EVEN  
THE SCORE I'LL  
MAKE HIM APPEAR  
A VERITABLE BURDON!  
I SHALL HAVE MY  
TRIUMPH!"



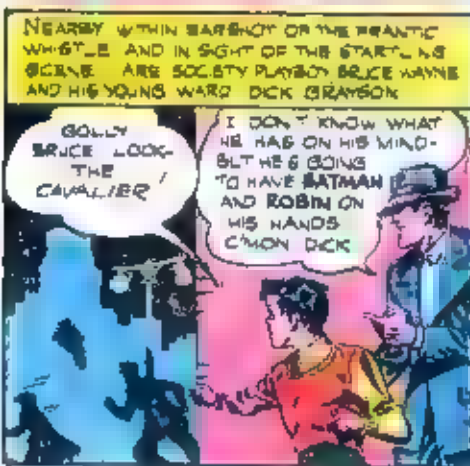
AND SO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

"WH-? THE CAVALIER...  
OUT ON THE STREET  
IN BROAD DAYLIGHT  
HEY!"



"GOOD  
MY  
PRESENCE  
IN THIS  
NEIGHBORHOOD  
WILL SOON  
BE RE-  
PORTED"

NEARBY WITHIN BAREFOOT OF THE FRANTIC  
WHISTLE AND IN SIGHT OF THE STARTLING  
SCENE ARE SOCIETY PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE  
AND HIS YOUNG WARD DICK GRAYSON



"GOLLY  
BRUCE LOOK-  
THE  
CAVALIER!"

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
HE HAS ON HIS MIND-  
BUT HE'S GOING  
TO HAVE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN ON  
HIS HANDS  
C'MON DICK"

MOMENTS LATER...



"HA- THEY GOT  
TO THE SCENE  
SOONER THAN I  
EXPECTED WELL,  
I MUSTN'T  
DISAPPOINT  
THEM!"

THERE HE IS, BATMAN! BUT IF HE WANTS TO ROB THAT ANTIQUE SHOP, WHY DOES HE HAVE TO BE A PUBLICITY HOUND ABOUT IT?

LET'S ASK HIM THAT QUESTION

WELCOME TO THE AMUSING LITTLE TRAP I HAVE SET FOR YOU, BATMAN! IT WAS NEATLY BAITED, WAS IT NOT?

THE NEXT INSTANT TWIN TURNS DOES BURST RECKLESSLY INTO THE SHOP BUT...

OH-OH A TRIP-WIRE!

TRAINED POWERFUL MUSCLES BUNCH FOR A MIGHTY LEAP...

SORRY, MY GAUDY FRIEND YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT

I'VE SNARED ONE OF YOU, ANYHOW

OOPS

BUT THE MANTLED MANHUNTER ACTS WITH PISTON SPEED

ANTIQUES

AND THE NEXT INSTANT...

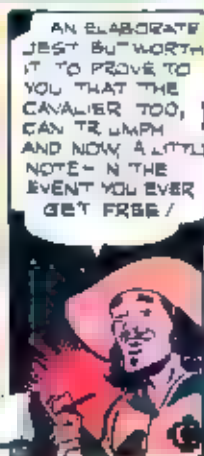
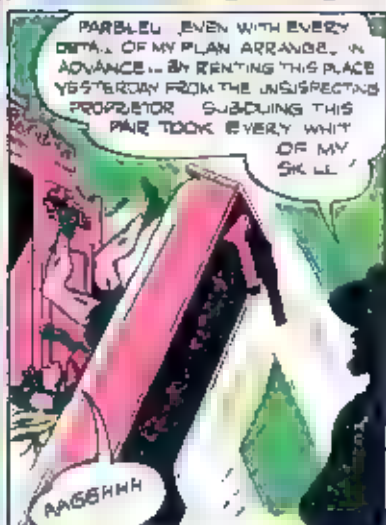
JUST IN TIME! THE WIRE SET OFF STRONG SPRINGS ATTACHED ALONG BOTH EDGES OF THE CARPET. ANOTHER SECOND, AND YOU'D HAVE BEEN ROLLED UP IN YARDS OF CLOTH!

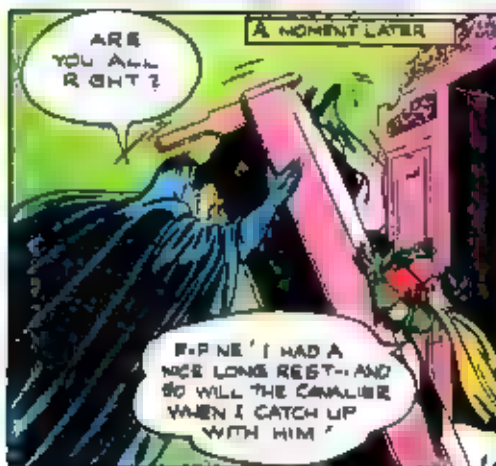
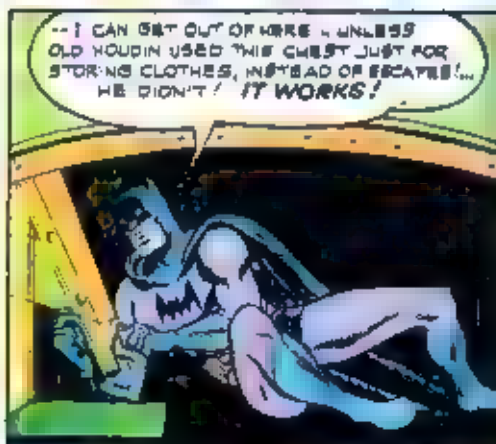
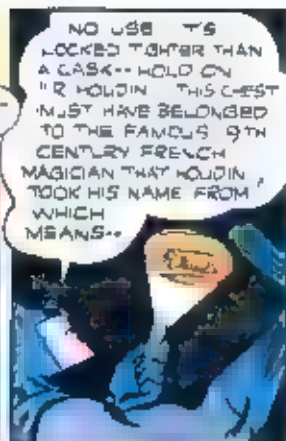
G-GOSH

CLEVER OF YOU TO ELUDE MY TRAP BUT YOUR LUCK HAS RUN ITS COURSE

NO YOU DON'T YOU'RE GOING TO GET A TASTE OF THAT ELECTRICAL SWORD OF YOURS FOR A CHANGE







HOME AGAIN THEY  
PUZZLE OVER THE  
CRYPTIC NOTE.

WHAT DO YOU FIGURE  
THE CAVALIER  
MEANT A DUTCH  
SCULPTOR?

THAT'S ONE  
POSSIBILITY  
BUT I CAN'T THINK  
OF ANY GREAT  
ONE WHO'S IN  
THIS COUNTRY

WELL, I HAVE TO GO  
TO THE CLUB'S ANNUAL  
DINNER WHICH WILL  
GIVE ME TIME TO  
THINK. MEANWHILE  
YOU'D BETTER GO  
TO BED.

BED? AGAIN?  
JUST GOT OUT OF  
ONE.

AND LATER BY A  
QUIRK OF FATE  
TWO BITTER FOES  
CHAT PLEASANTLY,  
UNWARE OF EACH  
OTHER'S "TRUE IDENTITY".

PRETTY  
DULL AFFAIR,  
ISN'T IT?

MUCH TOO DULL, WAYNE.  
OH, WELL. I USED  
TO BEING BORED.

WORDS,  
MERE  
WORDS...  
SHREWD  
WORDS TO  
HIDE THE  
EXACTING  
TRUTH FOR  
THE  
FOLLOWING  
NIGHT.

SOON AT BRUCE'S EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY CLUB...

THERE'S THAT BRUCE  
WAYNE COMING IN OVER THERE.  
FINE CHAP. IF HE'D EVER  
DO A STITCH OF WORK.

YES! A  
SHAME,  
ISN'T IT?

BY MY FAITH, MY  
HANDS ITCH WITH  
GREED IF BATMAN  
AND ROBIN SEEK  
TO BALK ME.  
THEY WILL  
RUE THE  
DAY!

HERE'S HOPIN'  
THEY GOT OTHER  
THINGS TO DO.  
BOSS.

WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?...  
UGH!

I COME TO  
APPROPRIATE MYSELF TO  
VARIOUS ASSORTED  
VALUABLES AND  
THE LEADEN PELLET  
AT THE END OF THIS  
KERCHIEF WILL LET  
YOU SLUMBER  
WHILE I DO.

SOON...

BLOOD  
WHAT  
WONDERFUL  
BEAUTY!

WE GOTTA  
WORK FAST,  
CAVALIER.  
LET'S  
HURRY  
UP!



HURRY! ONE MUST SELECT WITH GREAT CARE TO ACQUIRE THE FINEST SPECIMENS!



AH, VAN HOOGHEN AND AMBRUCK... SPLENDID EXAMPLES OF THEIR ART BUT THIS MEERBRANDT IS THE MASTERPIECE OF HIS LIFE! AND NOW IT IS MINE!



SUPPENSE!

THERE'S GOING TO BE A LITTLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ABOUT THAT, CAVALIER!

CORBOEUF  
YOU DECIPHERED MY SILLY BOAST  
SOME DAY I SHALL LEARN TO CONTROL  
MY VAIN TONGUE!

UHP!

HOLLAND--DIAMOND CENTER OF THE WORLD CHISEL AND Mallet--STONE CUTTER'S TOOLS... ADDS UP TO JAN MEERBRANDT, WHO'S CUTTING THE MAGI DIAMOND RIGHT HERE IN GOTHAM... SO I LOOKED HERE... AND HERE YOU ARE



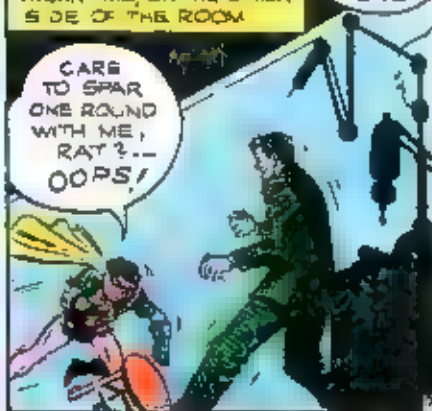
PARDIEUX!  
YOU WILL NOT BE HERE FOR LONG

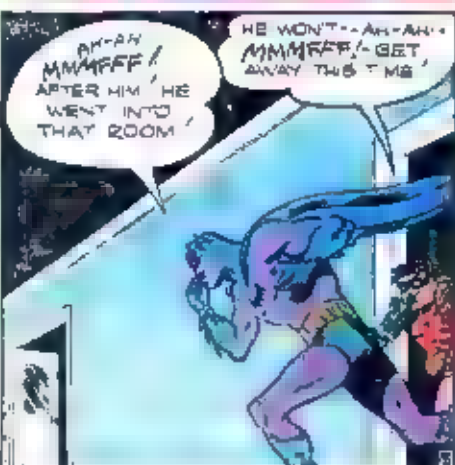
LONG ENOUGH TO HEAVE YOU INTO A JAIL CELL!



MEANTIME, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM

CARE TO SPAR ONE ROUND WITH ME, RAT?--  
OOPS!





BUT AGAIN THE ROMANTIC ROGUE HAS APPARENTLY MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE

“GONE!”

“RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW!”

LUKE TWIN FLIES THE ACRO-BATMAN AND HIS YOUNG AIDE SWARM OVER THE WINDOW SILL... THEN UP THE PRECIPITOUS WALL

“THERE HE GOES. HE MUST HAVE JUMPED

“BUT WHERE TO? NO— THAT’S WHAT THE CAVALIER WANTS US TO BELIEVE WHICH MEANS HE PROBABLY WENT UP INSTEAD OF DOWN. SO LET’S GO ROBIN!”

AND BRIEF SECONDS LATER

“GOT YOU!”

“IT DOES LOOK THAT WAY DOES IT NOT MESS EURS?”

“BUT I WAS PREPARED FOR THIS CONTINGENCY, AND PLACED REINFORCEMENTS HERE UPON THE ROOF... HAVE AT THEM VARGETS! BRING ME THEIR EARS!”

ABRUPTLY

“BUT BEFORE THEY DO, WE’LL PUT YOU ON YOURS”

“SAY, HERE’S HIS LOOT”





YOU LOOK TRED, HUGG HAVE A SEAT

YIPE, ON DIS THING?



LET'S CLEAN THEM UP IN A HURRY, ROBIN.

CHECK, BATMAN!



AND BATTLE-SCARRED MINUTES LATER.

WHERE'S --? THE CAVALIER RECOVERED AND SKIPPED OUT ON US.

SO I SEE MAYBE HE'S DOWNSTAIRS TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR THE LOOT YOU RECOVERED



BUT A SWIFT SEARCH OF THE DIAMOND WORKSHOP REVEALS...

WELL, AT LEAST WE HAVE THE -- WELL, I'LL BE A CHIMPANZEE'S RELATIVE

NOT A SIGN OF HIM



THAT'S NOT A DIAMOND, ROBIN! IT'S A MODEL OF ONE.

HUN! I DON'T GET IT.



MASTER STONE-CUTTERS MAKE MODELS OF IMPORTANT GEMS THEY'RE GOING TO CUT. MEERBRANDT IS ONE OF THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD. AND THE CAVALIER'S IDEA OF LOOT WAS THE MODEL MEERBRANDT MADE OF THE MAGI STONE.

CAN YOU BEAT THAT?

PRESENTLY, AFTER THE LAW HAS TAKEN OVER...

THE POLICE NEEDN'T HAVE BOTHERED CALLING YOU, MR. MEERBRANDT! THE ONLY THING THAT WAS TAKEN WAS THE MODEL OF THE MAGI DIAMOND...AND WE GOT THAT BACK!

BODY WHY SHOULD ANYVUN WANT IT? IT IS VORTHLESS TO EPPERY-BODY BODY ME!

YOU DON'T KNOW THE CAVALIER!

THIS WAS TO BE THE PRIZE OF MY CHAMBER OF PRIZES... BUT AGAIN BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE FOILED ME!

MEERBRANDT MODEL OF MAGI DIAMOND

ZOUNDS! THEY ARE MOST FORMIDABLE OPPONENTS! WHAT SKILL IN DETECTION...WHAT COORDINATION IN COMBAT...WHAT SAVOIR FAIRE IN ALL THAT THEY DO! BY MY FAITH, THEY ARE INDEED WORTHY FOES OF THE CAVALIER!

RRIP

MEANWHILE, AT THE DRAKE RESIDENCE IN AN EXCLUSIVE SUBURB OF GOTHAM CITY...

ONCE MORE I RETURN WITH EMPTY HANDS! 'TIS ENOUGH TO BREAK THE SPIRIT OF A STRONG MAN!

FAMOUS THIEVES

I WOULD GIVE MY ENTIRE FORTUNE--AND IT IS NO SMALL SUM-- IF I COULD BUT KNOW WHO THEY ARE!

AND AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN THE WAYNE RESIDENCE--ALSO IN AN EXCLUSIVE SUBURB OF GOTHAM CITY...

WELL, THE CAVALIER GOT AWAY AGAIN! BUT WE RUINED HIS QUEER ROBBERY FOR HIM, AND CAPTURED HIS GANG!

IT CERTAINLY WAS A STRUGGLE, THOUGH! HE'S A SHREWD CUSTOMER...AND HE'S NO EASY MARK TO TANGLE WITH IN A FIGHT!

YES, THE CAVALIER IS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST--AND STRANGEST--CRIMINALS WE'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED! I WONDER WHO HE REALLY IS...

YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF CHANCE TO FIND OUT, BATMAN, FOR THE GRANDES OF GANGSTER-DOM RETURNS WITH ANOTHER SLY AND SINISTER PLOT IN A FUTURE

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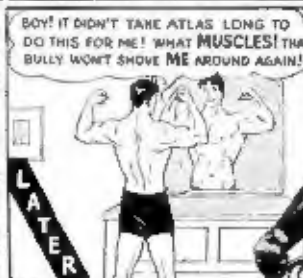
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